

LOYALTY

AND (13) [2]

Nonconformity;

OR, A

*Loyal Nonconformist* decently Interr'd.

BEING

An ELEGY

ON

The much lamented Death of *Mr<sup>is</sup>. G. E.*  
Lately Deceased.

---

*Per varios casus, Per tot discrimina rerum  
Tendimus —*

---

LONDON,

Printed in the Year of our Saviours Incarnation,  
1669, and of his Majesty's happy Restau-  
ration, the 9th.

W. T. A. Y. O. C.

1882



*The Author's Apologetick and Request to the Candid Reader.*

**R**EADER, here's no *Lampoon* for  
Court,  
Nor *Classick Gout* to shew thee  
sport ;

Nor yet *Advice* in lofty Rants,  
For *this* the Author says he wants :  
Or else he had not madly run,  
Thus without leave of's LITTLETON,  
T' increase the plague of *Vermine Rhimes*,  
Bred by the heat o'th' *Comick Times* :  
For naught can *Fancy over-awe*,  
As do the loud *Reports* of Law.

'Twas then pure duty to her *Herse*  
Transform'd his sighs and tears to Verse.  
If that he chance to leave his Text,  
And at's *Return* forget what's next ;

The worst that can be understood,  
Is, th' Poet's bad, and Sorrow good,  
Our loss ('tis true) here forms a Sea

(a) *A late seditions Pamphlet so entitled.*

(Not of <sup>(a)</sup> *Anglorum Lachrimæ*)  
Which seems to usurp its bounds, and thence  
In frolick of Impertinence,

Remoter subjects seize, with streams  
Design'd as deluge for all theams.  
But know Grief staggers, and grows sick,  
Ev'n at the sight of Rhetorick ;  
Nay, Quarrels fashionable Arts,  
Whose Rules would sprucifie its parts :  
Though it now swell, its private treads  
Through Caverns, may enrich the Meads :  
And this Extravagance alas !  
Prove motion but to purge its mass,  
Nor are Excursions strange, since we  
Excrementitious humours see,  
From high Divines above our reach,  
Break forth into their learned preach :  
Hair to adorn themselves, or heat  
Makes nails for Fan, but seldom sweat.  
Nay Death it self, to this sad work,  
Has rambled from his Candia-Turk ;  
And left that more Christian Employ,  
To try conclusions on our joy ;

Yea,

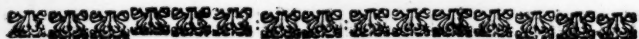


Yea, all may seem (*Reader*) i'th sense  
 Of thine *affairs*, Impertinence;  
 And that thy *Fancy* perhaps be  
 As good *diversion* for me.  
 Dost think this Poem *exactly* fine?  
 Thou needst *forgiveness*, and hast mine:  
 Or, dost thou deem it worthy *blame*?  
 In *justice* then give me the same.  
 And that thy *Candor* have relief,  
 Impute faults to *unruly* Grief;  
 As to officious *frisking* Zeal,  
 Men do those of the *Publick-weal*.

Treat this thy *Neighbour* as thine own;  
 Unfoul it not with *baleful* frown:  
 Nor in disdain doom it to dye,  
 Because not *strong-limb'd* Poetry.  
 Thou hast not *rage* for such a part,  
 No, *Reader*, no, who ere thou art,  
 If not o'th *Gang* who run down Schism,  
 Yet *pitch* us into *Quakerism*;  
 Those *RATIONALS* (*forsooth*) we see  
*New modelling* Divinity;  
 Who resolve all to *Ethick* Light,  
 And *Canonize* the *STAGARITE*:  
 Or of them who are *past* all sence,  
*INQUISITORS* for *Conscience*;

Those

Those *Fondlings* of themselves and Wine,  
 Of the *Sic Volo* Discipline ;  
 That reach our Souls, if we neglect  
 To run i'th *Liv'ry* of their Sect.  
 But if of these thou'rt *shrewd* and curst,  
 I hope no good, nor fear thy worst.  
 Bend then thy brow, and I'le my knee,  
 That it may please the Deitie, (may  
 Our KING, our LORDS, and COMMONS  
 Guide in this *Cline* our Nighrand Day :  
 As the Sun, Moon, and Starry throng  
 Do th' Universe, and full so long ;  
 To snuff our Church-Lights, and take care,  
 Dark-Lanthorns no more ENGLAND scare.



# The Elegy.

**A** Beacon'd Heaven, or a Trembling Earth,  
Sinks down our looks to Plagues, to War,  
and Dearth ;

Neptune can't sport his Waves, to Tides, or roar ;  
But 'tis to Land some Prince's Death on Shoar.

( Man's tears need not paint pale ) a Greenwich

( b ) Gramp,

Starts Conscience, as would the Doomesday damp ;

When slimy Graves yawning, blend stench with Hell,

And no air breath'd but what's o'th Damned's yell.

Fond Mortal, does thy Courage thus strike Sail,

When this Star stroaks his Beard, that wags his Tail,

When Winds break Goal, or when there strays a Fish,

Prodigious only that it fits no Dish ?

And dost not feel her die ? Pretend to sence !

Yet think for to survive her influence ?

Though Goodness groan as th'anguish'd entrails will

Of some amazed Thunder-cloven Hill :

Though Joy be ravish'd hence, and born on high

By th' Tempest of our Universal sigh :

Yet still dread Portents ? when ( worse than presage )

Her Death's the very ruine of the Age.

Thus distant Clouds of dust the Fort confound

With 'Larum ; while alas ! from their own ground

Black.

( b ) The

strange Fish

taken near

Greenwich

in August

last.

Black Mines of Fate dispatch up all at once;  
 In a *revers'd* show'r of Men and Stones;  
 And in such *horrid* haste, there's not alive  
 Knows whether Soul or Body first *arrive*.

So our loss may (do but *consult* our tears)  
*Uncenter* this Globe, and *Dis-pole* the Spheres:  
 For Nature finds *dire* horror *force* its way  
 Through all her *Veins*; and well *kind* Nature may:  
 Since *Ghostly Bigots* do with far less cause,  
*Raise* the *Militia* of our SOVRAIGN'S Laws;  
*Troop* up to *Arms*, the poenal Acts, march on,  
*Beleaguer* CHARLES for *Proclamation*.  
 Not those *brave temper'd* Souls, who judge it meet,  
 With our Great *Rome-Confounding* STILLINGFLEET,  
 To *fortify* and guard *expos'd* Frontiers:  
 But these, that *must* have *Inland-Towns* made *fires*;  
 And rude, to *gratify* their *pride* alone,  
 Expect our PRINCE should *trudge* and see it done,  
*Tempestuous* BOREALE-WILD would call  
 Such BECKET'S, yea the *Kingdoms Funeral*:  
 And *rail*, as Curates do bestow fell knocks  
 On Nonconformists from the *prating* Box,  
 When *Sall'ing* from the *Postern* of some Text (next.  
 These LEVITE (c) *Montbruns* bring them Prisoners  
 But 'tis enough, our cause of *grief* in right  
 Is more, than their's of *Vengeance* and *Spight*.

(b) The Venetian General  
 in Candia, so  
 renowned for  
 his frequent  
 sallies upon  
 the beleaguere-  
 vers.

Why, man, the times are *broke*, *pack* up, go try  
 How thou canst *traffick* with *Eternity*:  
 Or else *convey* thy self to *brighter* dayes;  
*Plant* in some *Cent'ry* *gilded* with like *rayes*,  
 For she is *Set*. The *puling* light that *streams*  
 Is but *Refraction* from her *farewel* beams.  
*Vertues resign'd* their *splendors*, that our *skie*  
 (Like CHAOS) turns to *Terror*, and we die.

Ah

Ah Death ! could I be thine ; This only Verse  
 Should make's Immortal, and discharge the Herse.  
 Thou most *unfathomable* Sor, that cou'd  
*Gusle* our Channel full of *Brandy* blood :  
 While *Pests* ( to *relish* thy *Carouse* ) on Shoar,  
 From wretched Mankind *cater'd* thousands more.  
 Thou that since sin produc'd thee, dost advance  
 Our Earth some Leagues 'bove its first Ordinance,  
 By humane dust turnd into *Mounts* and *Hills*,  
 That heavenly *Bodies* fall to *making Wills* ;  
 And parted Souls *peep* through th' *invaded* Skies,  
 Preparing their own *final* Elegies.

Could not all these sufficiently provide ?  
 Not the past Woes, our War, our Plague, our *H—*  
 But thy vast *Gorge*, thine *avaritious* Maw  
 Devours what was our Gospel and our Law !  
 Must we then lose the Decalogue and Creed,  
 That thy base *Pensionary* Worms may feed ?  
 Yet who'd not laugh ? ( were not t' *intend* a smile  
*Prophaness* in the most corrected stile )  
 Expect *Meales* ? when her Body was so *wore*  
 And so *extracted* into *Soul* before,  
 E'en to *translation* ; that we have in *Urn*  
 But bones for to secure *us* her return :  
*Us* that must *droop*, at length we die, and then  
 Still *droop*, ( according to Great *ORIGEN* )  
 'Till Charnels *rattle*, That dead as alive  
 From age to age *successively* we grieve.

Not as did deceas'd *Cromwells* Court of yore ;  
 When *Walls* mourn'd, and the *Drapers* mourn'd much  
 more.

But *αὐτὸ ἐξ ἑαυτοῦ*, at so true a rate  
 With *Emphasis*, Grief in its *Zenith* state.

(d) *Bartho-* As when (d) *expiring* Sermons were aloud:  
*lowew Tide,* Pronounc'd, to the *no less expiring* Crowd ;  
 1662.

And the Divines took farewel of their ears  
 In a sad contest of discourse and tears ;  
 We saw the *distress'd* People as they fate ;  
 Lost in a *silent Wildernes* of fate :  
 Then ( like unto the dreadful *crack* and *moan*  
 Of the *dissolving* World ) *burst* into groan :  
 That *ECCHO* *trilling* fled the *Vaulted* Isles,  
 Till *woo'd* by Organs, and such *pious* wiles :  
 Thus *we lament* without dispute or pause,  
 In a *vast* grief, next nothing but its cause ;  
 A Grief, whose *sighs* *commanded* by our Love,  
 Might *line* with *Sable* all the *Orbs* above.

For she now *glitt'ring* in their *Tissue* rayes,  
 Our *old* distinction's *lost* of Nights and Dayes ;  
 Nay, *Twilight* does *attend* her, that all's Night :  
 The Sun and's *train* have since but *assist* Light ;  
 As though she were from the *Empyrial* Throne  
 Sent *Hostage* down, and now *recall'd* and gone.  
 Mortals concern'd, no less *resign* to fears,  
 Than should the last Trump's *Thunder* *rend* their ears :  
 For who shall live, if she must die ? Or can  
 Hope *saucily* for piety in man ?

She had ( though parties *hoord* it in their nooks )  
 ( Me thoughts ) a *lovely* Heaven in her looks :  
 Such, 'twere compleatly ( did ye all combine )  
*Salvation* for you Painters, to *design*.  
*Perfection* *dwindles*, and subscribes her fame,  
 Your Colours then must *crimson* into shame :  
 Or else your *Palats* with Ambition high,  
 Will *nauseate* all but what's as pale as she.  
 She had true red and white, yea ( what was more )  
 Her *Soul* *spread* and appear'd through ev'ry pore.

Some

Some certain *unaccountable* bright Ray  
Render'd her face more *Glorious* than gay.

There modesty, and a *Majestick* Awe  
*Divided* both their *Empire* and their *Law* ;  
There *Native* Worship did, as *lowdest* crimes,  
Scorn the *Fantastick* *Gymgames* of the times.  
What though she *thought* our Publick Prayers are  
Too *Common* to be either rich or rare :

That *Ceremonies* were by *first* intent,  
*A-la-mode* Temple, and Church-Complement ;  
To *Humble-servant* Heav'n, *Madam* the Moon,  
I'th' Sacred *Cringe* of Cardinal *PEROON*.  
Though bred when *Young* to *Dance*, it ill appears  
Our Church should *practise* *Steps* at these grave years.

What though she *thought* this, & much more, yet she  
*HONOUR'D* her *KING*, not with *hir'd* Loyalty,  
For *devout* thousands, or *less* *boly* Cents,  
For *Liege* Ecclesiastick suffering Rents ;  
But with *Religious* awe, nay past controul  
She knew so Good a Prince deservd her Soul.  
That did our *noise* and *dinne* of *CHURCH DIVINE*,  
Prove but *meer* *Alias* for good Lease and Fine :  
Or Excommunications found no worse,  
Than tricks to *chouse* *JACOBUS* out o'th' Purse.  
Yet was her Duty to her Prince *sans* strife  
*Entwisted* closely with her Line of Life.

Though some *grace* Drunk'ness, praise, and *set to sale*  
The *ILIADS* of their Loyalty's in Ale ;  
*Health* all the Clergy, and to help that *wing*,  
*Jade* and *spurgal*, No *BISHOP*, and No *KING* :  
Her *Conscience* yet and ' *Legeance* were the same  
A *Pyramid* of one *refined* flame,  
A serious dread : though some ( with *envious* lie  
And *Non obstante* to true Modesty )

*Ingress* all Fairirs yet shall Parsons droll,  
 See them but *TITH-PIGG'D* well, as much for *Nol.*  
 The duties of both *Tables* were her *Meals* ;  
 The *Crum*s (did *Merits* save) might feed whole *Weals*.  
 Church *Indigent* small *Officers* don't pray  
 More for their *Christnings*, *Burials*, *Tithe* or *Pay*,  
 Than she did for our *CHARLES* : *Who may be so*  
*Live long as his Eternal Fame must do ;*  
*Must do, while there shall last what Men call Days,*  
*Or Air to mold one syllable of Praise !*

In some, their *Passions* (like the savage Brood  
 Of *Goths* or *Huns*) *invade*, then *waste* their *Blood*,  
 And *desolate* their *Looks* ; while flaming *Ire*  
 Shews in their *Eyes* the *Countrey's left on Fire* :  
 Here they *turn'd Reason*, and could (though full bent)  
*Parl* with their *Objects*, all in *Argument*  
 Of *Privy Council* to her *Soul*, but just,  
 In giving *Senses Cinque-Parts* to their *Trust* ;  
 Who guarded them both against *Storm* and *Price*,  
 Both *Force* and *Fraud* : The *City-Avarice*,  
*Court-Luxury* must at great distance ride,  
 With *so-so* *Clergy's Laziness* and *Pride* :  
 Her *Passions* could determine these to be  
*Absurd*, as *Method* in an *Elegy*.  
 And though *Vice strutted* here in *splendid Train*,  
 She look'd down on it with an high disdain :  
 Like his, that doth a *Silenc'd Preacher* see,  
 From the *TEN'RIF-Pike* of his *Deanery*.  
 Would you describe then *Vertues* all at once ?  
 Pronounce her *Name*, as *FRANCIS* did his *France*.  
 As *DECENTLY IN ORDER's* hal'd amain,  
 All *fixed Ceremonies* to maintain.

And so may *Soph*, or such small *ERGO Pun*  
 Prove *North-west* passage, the *Philosopher's Stone*,  
 Even



E'en what you please ( Sir ) be it Prose or Song,  
 So *Statutes* do but *Jus Divine* his Tongue,  
 Would you see *Heathen* Chief-Good *Christned*, and  
*Ethicks* serve under Sacred Writ's command,  
 Their School-points justly now become our own,  
 Made *Denizens* in our Religion:  
 'Twas here, and ev'ry moral Virtue hence,  
 Chose a new *Genus*, and new Difference.

She found these humane *Lustres* had before  
 But twinkled in raw undigested Oar ;  
 Dispers'd and branch'd in speculative Veins (brains,  
 Through all the SOUTHERN Schoolmen's *Sun-burnt*  
 And therefore coyn'd them into practick pence,  
 Now currant through all *Marts* of Conscience.  
 She griev'd to think they should for *Ages* lie  
*Confin'd* vvithin *ἐπλῶς* and *κατὰ τὴν* ,  
 Employ'd to make for *Schools*, until of late,  
 Their Fire-vvorks, *Squibs* and *Crackers* for their prate;  
 To enhance Church-men, and keep *Lay Souls* lovv,  
 The fitter to be wheedled to the TOE.  
 These useful Notions, vve novv rescu'd see  
 From their *irrefragable* slavery ; ( fear,  
 And brought to CHRISTENDOM from all their  
 Their *Angellick*, *Seraphick*, *ALGIER*.

She did *design*, ( still her *Example* strives )  
 To vest these in their rights unto our lives ;  
 To Discipline our *Converse*, work us that  
 Which *Set-fac'd* Monks made but Religious *chat*.  
 Yet story tells us, that in Church and Schools  
 Reformers alvvayes vvere *Recorded* Fools.  
 No Treason *Heir* apparent to the Rope ;  
 No *Villany* that ever lodg'd vvith Pope ;  
 But *Jesuites*, yea the *thin* Priests layd on  
 Those of the AUGUSTAN CONFESSION :

So was *their dawning* overcast, and we  
 Observe the brave ROYAL SOCIETY  
 Run the same fate, for young *pert Sophomors*  
*Gown Hec's* learnedly kick them out of doors :  
 And swagg'ring ( each a Syſtem by his ſide )  
 Muſt up and on Great CHARLES the Founder ride.  
 Though their hearts dread, a Toleration may  
 Let *Presb. looſe* 'mong thoſe Livings where they prey.  
 Yet 'las ! theſe *ſquabble* not for Tithes, nor rage,  
 Nor *Rival* with them, for a Parſonage :  
 But the cauſe is, theſe ſaucily do keep  
 Diſcourſe vvith Nature, and perplex their Sleep.

So vvhen ſhe Moralls *tun'd* to Sacred Lyre,  
 The *brisk* Dioceſan Shield-bearing Squire  
*Smells* Faction : ( vvhich by this time all men ſee  
 Is (*Anglicè*) She thinks not as do vve )  
 When *training* them to divine *meen* and grace,  
 She *Egypt's* Learning *dress'd* in CANA'N'S Phraſe ;  
 There ( cries this dapper Sancho ) *Croaks* the Cant.  
 Perhaps ſo too, nor vvill this *Younker* vvant ;  
 Only her *Accent* might from Scripture ſtray  
 Into the Talk, and *Younkers* from a Play.

For *Common* Sir *Johns* doff their Sacred geer,  
 ( No ſhame to the ſpruce-vvitted COVENT Peer )  
 And ſteal on Saturdays (*'TIS WELL KNOWN SINCE*)

(e) An Actor.

(f) In the

Tragedy ſo cal-

led.

(g) An Actor.

(h) In the Co-

medy called

Bartholomew

Fair, wherein

the Puritan is

rendred no leſs

ridiculous,

than the Au-

thor profane.

To *hire* th' Houſe *Action* for their Eighteen pence.  
 Does this *Preach* next of Vengeance and Death ?  
 'Tis ( e ) BATTERTON in Pulpit acts ( f ) MACKBETH :  
 Or that vvith Arms a *lembo*, *bluſtring* look,  
 Damn Puritans, or *laugh* them down by Book ;  
 There's ( g ) Lacy vvith his ( h ) Fair, and thus all day  
 We fools hear *hector'd* out a *Sermon-Play*. ( BEN  
 Alas ! the APOSTLES Cant, SHAKESPEAR and  
 ( Hang Scripture Phraſe ! ) vv ere far more gallant men.

Theſe

These are Conformities *true marks* ; Let's moan,  
 Since *Atheism* creeps into preaching tone ; (tell,  
 GOD'S STILE grown *base*, that our Church-Doctors  
 He <sup>(1)</sup> *Nonconforms*, who *thorough mercy's* well.  
 But *SHE* is dead ; 'twere better they went hence  
*Conforming* in their modern COVENT sense.

(1) *The Continuation of the Friendly Debate, p. 1.*

For say the Poor, Mean Alms from a Divine  
 That *girdles* vvhile there's *extant* Wench or Wine.  
 Though some there be good, as the best *Cloak* Sect,  
 Yet still the *rouzed* Kingdom will suspect,  
 Their intrest's that of *Coy*n ; their Churches fears  
 Of Schism to be, *no purchase for their Heirs* ;  
 No vvonder then the Poor ( that *forlorn* drove )  
 Who *reap'd* a constant *Harvest* from her Love,  
 In *uproars* should with *Curse-surrounding* Cryes.  
*Impeach* grim Death, and damn the *Destinies*.  
 That *Coward* Death ! vvho dares not yet advance,  
 As by *soft force* of a well-manag'd glance  
 Loves Boy does, ( who *attacques* us in our prime,  
 It'h' rage and fury of our valiant time :  
 When *man'd* vvith Spirits from our hearts and brains,  
 And *liquid Aetna's* treneching round our veins )  
 But *sneaks* till Age have *worm'd* a breach, and then  
 The Villain *wriggles* into th' lives of men :  
 Else shall he *lurking* spy, vvhen some dire Sin,  
 Or *Traitor Humour* shall invite him in.

Well Death, I know thoult be reveng'd on me ;  
 And to thy Trophies add this *Elegie*.  
 Blast then my *blooming* youth, and with *pale* hate  
 Remit me to the Earth, my *ancient* state.  
 Yet if the more Ingenuous *L'ESTRANGE*,  
 Who seiz'd Books, but gave's own News in *Exchanges*,  
 Shall *counterwork* thy Spite, this *Threnick* may  
 Pursue thee to thine own *Hic Jacet* Day.

If:

If to the Printing Ink he grant in brief,  
 Of this sad Paper, but a *Term of life*,  
 It may tell *Time's rear*, how thine Hour-glass stands,  
 Fill'd up vvith *Wrongs*, in number like its Sands.  
 Are thy late *Conquests settled*, vvithout fear  
 A Resurrection make impressions there?  
 That in a bounding fierce carrear for more,  
 Thou blockst up (as *dependencies*) the Poor;  
 Who must fall in, as vvould (if *Candia* fails)  
 Th' *Aegean-galaxy*, those seeds of Isles.

My *Country Hills* Heav'n-reard for stately Scenes,  
 And Landmarks to each *Houses* vast Demeans;  
 Ye that delight, *shaking your Clouds*, to bow,  
 And view Fields, *scramble* for the drops below;  
*Ye saw, ye saw* this deed, and so stood by,  
 As if with Death, of the *Conspiracy*.  
 Though *China* vvorship Hills, thought ye therefore  
 (She dead) vve should your *Highbnesses* adore?  
 Ye that vvere *PROTESTANTS* (Record assures)  
 Ere ever *Austin* saw and murder'd yours,  
 Hate this *Doulia*-cheat; Twas then to be  
*Sharers* vvith Heav'n in her Society:  
 Else ye, vvhom Nature plac'd to interpose  
 Twixt us, our *Roman* and our *Saxon* foes,  
 To keep us *BRITAINS* still unconquer'd so  
 As is our *Tongue*, had screen'd us from this *Wo*.

No more, dear *Hills*, The *Criticks* swear in Town  
 We Welchmen do as *slyly* praise our own;  
 As oft they hear some *Scoundrel* Priestly Elves  
 Extol the *Mother-Church*, but mean *themselves*.  
 'Tis *Chymick WO*, extract'd Fate, the dread  
 Of Nature, *Horror* full embodied:  
 For here Death in a Sea-fight-fury so  
 Contracts his Arm, as for one final blow:

That

That notice from the World's *divining* Soul  
 (Like missive ruine) pierces through the Whole ;  
 And vve so tremble, as the Wrath and Rage  
 Of all Times were consign'd o're to this Age.  
 The present Loss by vvhich this *WO* doth track  
 Our Beings, *checquers* all our Joys with *Black* ;  
 And *spurns* down Mirth, as \* *old Crop* kicks each State,  
 Or our new † *Friendly Master* of { *De—* } *bate.*

\* *Mr. Pr.*† *D. Pa.*

That *Kirker* (now turn'd Wit) see the Fates *smile*,  
 Still 'frights the Peace and *Genius* of this Isle.  
 He *buffling* (that we think's Conversion true)  
*O're-acts* his Part, *Anticipates* his Cue ;  
 Nay, fall's to's *Boutfeau* Game, to vex our Weals ;  
 And in his former *good old causing* Zeal,  
 Would *slip* our Parliament, *unhood* our Court,  
 To raise himself some *Persecuting Sport* :  
 Yea, fits his *Lines*, as near as *Papist* can  
 For the FRENCH HUGONOT *Meridian*.

*Ensure* him but his (k) *Lambeth hopes*, and then

(k) *To be*  
A. B. C.

He'l blow the *dying Embers* once agen.

He rails by *Craft* at Government, because

His *Phaetontick* pride reins not the Laws ;

That by the Flame he'd make, might but be shown

(*Good lack!*) that *Mighty Reason* of his own :

Which does vvvith the *Art Mimick* of our Stage,

Give three *Disputes* their *Exits* in one page.

What can't *Imperious Ipse dixit* do,

When't *aper* Creation phrase, *LET IT BE SO?*

He blows a *Blast*, th' *Assembly* (l) falls ; He writes, (l) *The Pres-*

Down goes the (m) *Savoy*, & out all the (n) *Lights*, *byterians.*

Had's Pen but *skirmish'd* Visier and *Bashaws*, (m) *The In-*

*BE AVFORT* might have *surviv'd* the *CRE* (n) *The Se-*

*TAN* Cause.

*claries.*

(o) *A Law-  
scarm for  
murdering  
ones self.*

(p) *The  
Friendly De-  
bate, p. 1.*

(q) *Covent-  
Garden.*

(r) *The old  
plea for Dio-  
cesan Episco-  
pacy, but of  
late aban-  
doned.*

He (o) *felo de se's* his poor *bash'd* Friend,  
(Foul Church-play from (p) *Good morrow* to the end)  
Who *pinion'd*, runs the *Ganilet* (it is fear'd)  
Through *tatter'd* bands of Arguments *cashier'd*;  
*Straglers* through *musty* Books, like **STATUTE  
ROGUES,**

Till *quarter'd* in his pretty Dialogues.  
Ye *duller Levites*, if his Plot but hit,  
He'll find you all vvith neat (q) *Piazza* Wit.  
Is (r) *Jus Divinum* cow'd, and cannot win?  
Here are *stout* Calumnies, then throw them in.  
Does *paltry* Reason tire? Here's *Droll* that cau  
With *Jaw-bone* service *hip and thigh* the Fan,  
What *Horn'd* Dilemma's (those *Rams*) could not  
storm,

This Engine of the *Atheists* must perform.  
What though the *Publican Collectors* say,  
These better do the KING's **TAX LAWS** obey,  
Than does our *Maggie* tribe; yet make them smook  
With other **ACTS**, or *Pocket-pistol* Joak.  
*Terz* the *Church-Ecchoes* *hoarse*; then to your wish,  
*Tow'r* and speak *Delphos* o're an Alehouse dish.  
But (now I think on't) th' Heroe may in's next  
(For I have seen him *combat* vvith his Text)  
*Beat* up thy *Quarters*, Mule, with *Learned* Wit,  
And *Noncon.* press'd up for what he thinks fit;  
*Retreat* then *timely*, for thou art but one  
To *Him*, his *Minister*, and his *Noncon.*

But his *DEBATE* injures no less my *Rhime*  
Than all, since here *Digressions* turn to Crime.  
'Twere *Sacrilege* & *embezel* from this theme  
The meanest *thought*, though *napping* towards *dream*;  
Were I not bound to intercept, when some  
Would *dog* her very Soul beyond the tomb:

That

That Soul vvvhich *scorn'd* these *finnickal* Divines  
 Should make CHARLES *tug* at th' oars of their designs.  
 They *panting*, *club* their Reasons all at once,  
 For the *quick service* of the Churches *Dons* :  
 Who treat the *Topicks*, and a Guard must raise,  
 While these *pert* Masters do *contribute* phrase.  
 Then the *van-currier* Treatise flies abroad,  
 To meet our PARLIAMENT upon the Road :  
 Out thus the Book *struts*, teem'd in *anxious* pains,  
 By a *Cabal* of far more heads than brains.  
 Then my Lord's Chaplains play for Votes *bo-peep* ;  
 (So they have *Pigs*, the Devil take the *Sheep*)  
 How do they *sputter* ! How these JEHU's drive,  
 To keep their *whooted* *crazie* cause alive !  
 To and again, as by a Jury cast,  
 They tumble in a *Lord-have-mercy*-hast,  
 And ring out Disobedience : though we saw  
 They little mind it in their Suits at Law ;  
 Yet basely *cokes* into their sole intent  
 Those terms of LOYALTY and GOVERNMENT.

That Gen'rous Soul ! she griev'd they should *pel-met*  
 Impiously *sacrifice* three Kingdoms Weal  
 To Popery's *grim Manes* vvithout end ;  
 (For CHURCHMENS Pride vvill never *condescend* (  
 Since in appearance, by their *baughty* prate,  
 The Church makes a meer *Cully* of the State.  
 She *clof'd* vvith practice then, yet *smil'd* to see  
 These *Grandeers* *bower* in the Theoric :  
*Tampring* with *bloody* notions, yea outright  
*Court* for *Auxiliary* the Jesuite ;  
 And all this, (if vve may believe the Town)  
 To *shoar up*, not RELIGION, but their *Own*.  
 She *retir'd* therefore, lest their LORDLY Cause,  
 Though *ill* *train'd*, might be *curassier'd* in Laws ;



And practis'd Piety in that short space,  
 As though t'atone Wrath for all Humane Race;  
 As though her Works *Effluvi*ums were to be  
 From the great *Body* of THEOLOGIE;  
 That her Example *uncontrouled* stands,  
 As the best *Gloss* on the Divine Commands.

We Preaching *swap* for Language, (yet perforce

† The Ro. † CASSANDRA has ten times more neat discourse:  
 † *mance so cal-* One Scene of DRYDEN *springs* more noble fire,  
 † *led.* Than all our *Antinoncon* quibbling ire.)

Or, 'tis distinction'd out in graver whine,  
 The mixt *Purl-Liquor* Thomas did *Aqu-uine*,  
 When's *barret*'ring huge ENS RATIONIS-Sconce  
 Made GUELPHS and GIBELLINES of Pro's and Cons.

(t) Romance Our *Harrangues* do from (t) *deep* *Resentment* rise,  
 phrase. Or they (u) *formaliter* are otherwise.

(n) School- Her Life was no *Cue-Preachment*, but might be  
 terms. Quoted for practical Divinitie.

(w) The It lay not in *terse* words, the *semi-bug*,  
 Pulpit mode The *manag'd* head, (w) St. MARY's *shoulder* *strug*:  
 of some few Nor in young *Presb's* Neck-Handkercher; nor well  
 pert, crowing Ith' *Yawn* devout and Gape of Doctor F—

witted, clinch But such as *rig'rously* was faith and deed,  
 Preachmen A certain Orthodox found practick Creed.

among the Her Actions (now *enshrined*) vvere so fair,  
 Junior Ma- They did e'en *profel*ite the ambient Air.

sters. The furious Rabble with their Hull and Sail  
 Might off into the *Depths* with the same *Gale*.

Yea they vwho *Priest-inspir'd* lay for offence  
 In *ambush* to *snap* up her Conscience,  
 All vote Her GOOD, vwho doubtless took no joy  
 To see them *damnd* to such a bad employ:  
 To *shark* their living from Man's *Blood* (God wot)  
 While *fiber* Prayers must clear their *drunken* Shot.

Because



Because on this condition Parson W....

*Dischalk'd* their ancient Leigier Reckoning.

Yet she forgave their *Proceſſs upon tales* ;

From which hot-headed *freak* God keep our *Wales*.

Those her *Remains*, that in the Grave are found,

Beyond all Canons *consecrate* the Ground :

As *Porter-Angels*, vvho o're Sea and Strand

*Loretto* back'd, had brought's the *Holy-Land*.

Her Soul's dispos'd above all sighs and tears,

Tow'rds the *rebuilding* of the ruin'd Sphears ;

Those *Constellations* to *repair* in haste,

Where the late *Blazing-Stars* committed waste :

Or being *active*, 'tis *promoted* hence,

For to ſucceed ſome *tir'd Intelligence* :

That ſtill th'Orbs to their tunes may *dance* in Chôres,

*Around, Around* this hollow Globe of ours.

But *Seas* have *straits*, and muſt to theſe *conform*,

No leſs than to the *Hectoriſm* of Storm :

Ev'n to have vve, or vvee'd erect and raiſe

Large *Inſtitutes* on her *et cætera's* :

And praife, as do the *Set* of men in *black*,

*Ply* Patrons vvith *Eternity* of *clack*.

The *Shoar* and *Ne plus* to this doleful Song,

Is that I dare not truſt our falſe-grown tongue ;

Not poor, but *baſe*, it ſuch deceits affords,

That words *cheat* ſenſe, and Letters *cheat* them words :

It changes, fawns, *turns coat*, all in a trice,

As though 'twere *nibbling* at a *Benſſice*.

Not a (x) *malicious cavilling* of late,

(BATE. (x) No Fury

But Church-men call (forſooth) *FRIENDLY DE.* like a merce-

*A here and there I have thee* ; Thus the Priest

nary Rene-  
gado.

Text *buffing-big*, cry'd *Bellarmino* thou ly'ſt.

Thus, in our Laws vvith *fierce* and *doughty* ſtroaks,

Our *John a Styles* runs down their *John a Noaks* :

For

For 'tis decreed in high *Romantick* rage,  
 Our Knight *fell* Gyants, though in's *PILGRI-*  
 ( *MAGE.*

Well, since our very Language haps to be  
*Debauch'd* and *Rogu'd* by Pulpit-Errantry;  
 And *ENGLISH* turns to *Sin*, (Blest Soul) 'tis time  
 For thee to *part*, and me to *end* this Rhime.

### *The Epitaph.*

**H**ere lies her *Dust*, that breathing did contain  
*True* Goodness, more than Interest can *feign*.  
 What her Parts were, her *Graces* vvho not knows,  
 Our *Verse* refers him to her Neighbours *Prose* :  
 Which (like Fame) *flutters* round this Tomb, & says  
 They'l dyet all their Children vvith her praise :  
 That after-ages shall no less enquire  
 Who's here, than for the *source* of *London's* Fire.

*F I N I S.*

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## ERRATA.

P Ag. 4. line 2. read, *The Poet's*. lin. 6. r. *In frolicks*.

P. 5. line last save two, r. STAGYRITE.

P. 6. l. 5. Put a Comma after *these*.

P. 7. l. 3. Dele Comma after *Waves*.

P. 8. l. 11. Dele Comma after *Arms*. lin. 20. put a Comma after *such*.

P. 10. l. 19. r. *Empyreal*.

P. 12. l. 1. r. *shall these Parsons*. l. 16. A Semicolon after *Argument*. l. 18. An Apostropha over *s* in *Sense's*.

P. 14. l. 25. r. (*Tis well-known Senee*) l. 30 Interrog. point after *Book?*

P. 16. l. 12. An Apostropha over *s* in *House's*. l. 25. put a Comma after *still*.

P. 19. l. 19. r. *cokes in to*.

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